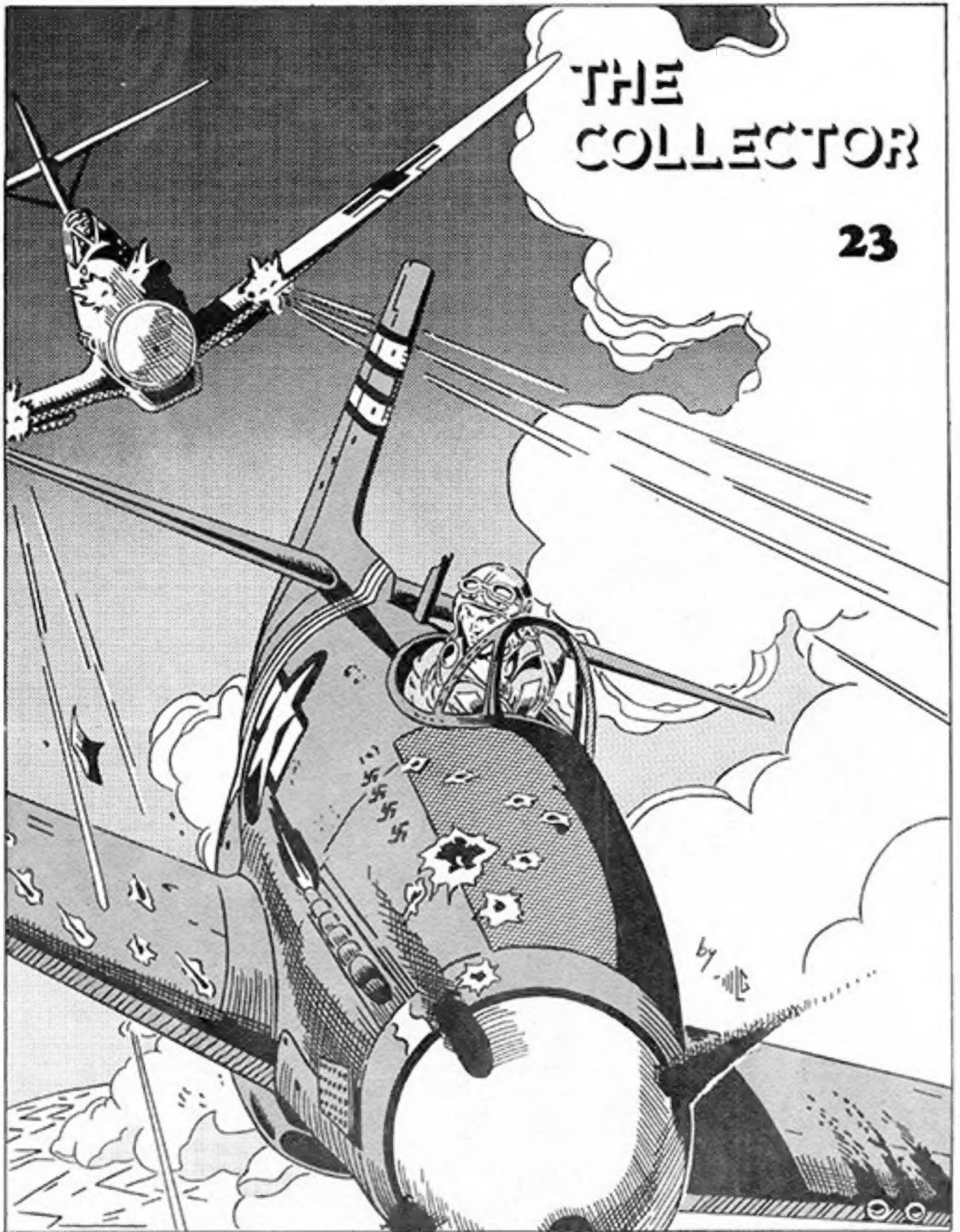


THE COLLECTOR

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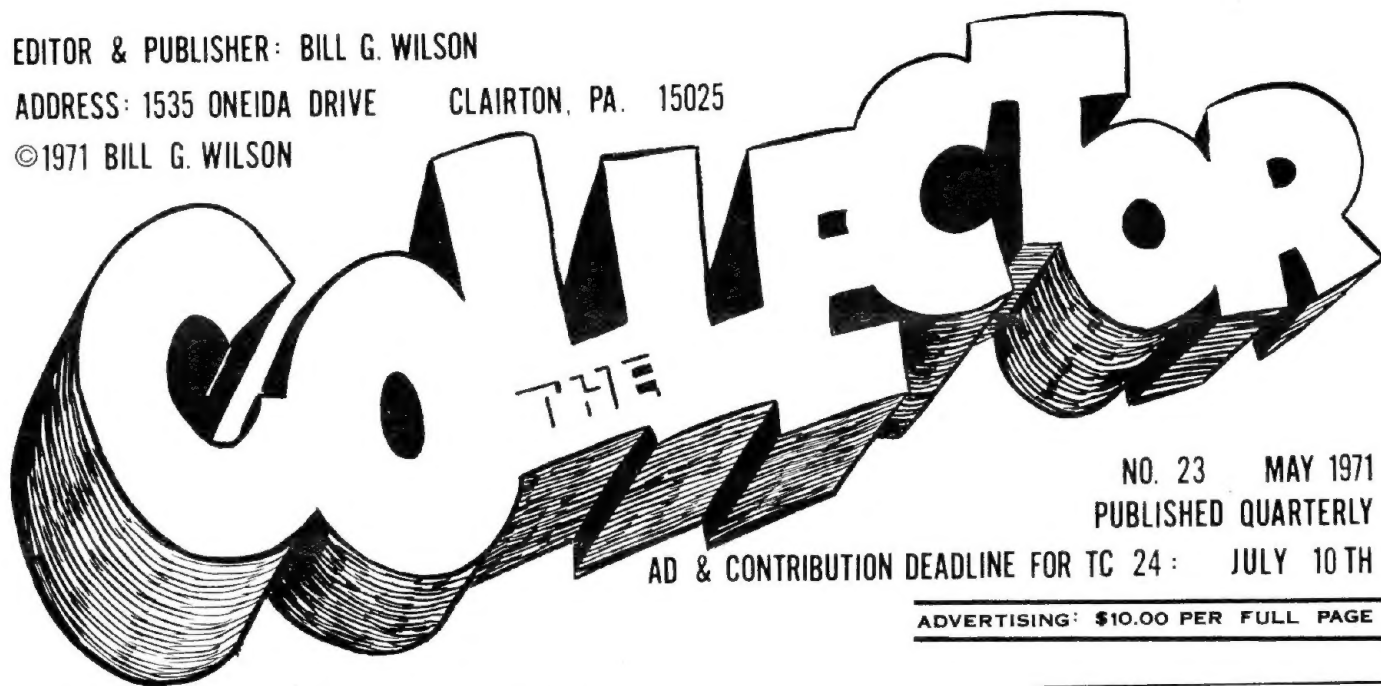
THE THUNDERBOLT BRIGADE



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FOR THOSE WHO'VE BEEN ASKING: THE CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE IS AT LEAST ONE, AND YOU'RE THE ONE READING IT

ARTISTS THIS ISSUE (in order of appearance of their work): Martin L. Greim (cover artist), Alan Hanley, Ed Romero, Ken Smith, Bill G. Wilson (in collaboration with Joe Sinnott, John G. Fantucchio, and Bob Kline), Don Newton, Jim Jones, Dan Adkins, Doug Potter, William Black, Dave Stevens, and Mickey Mason. [John G. Fantucchio & Don Rosa on NEWSFLASHES]
WRITERS THIS ISSUE: Kenneth Smith, Tom Fagan, Bill G. Wilson, Dan Adkins, Ralph Alfonso

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO AREN'T QUITE SURE YET, THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE EDITORIAL PAGE!

I won't ramble on too much this time because I want you to sit back and relax and read this issue. I'm sure you will enjoy it, possibly because of the wide variety of material covered in this issue. If you don't like fan fiction, there's a Hyperman strip this issue which is (I believe) a little bit different than anything else done in fandom. If you don't like comic strips (at least fan strips), there's "The Second Candle" this issue. If you want to learn more about the pros and what they're doing, there's THE PROS featuring KENNETH SMITH, and Dan Adkins' bit-of-a-twist short "article" and portfolio. If you dig the "Golden Agers" there's Part One of Tom Fagan's fine examination of The Flying Dutchman. And...if you like interviews, there's the interview with Jim Jones. Now, I know all about the famous saying about "You can please some of the people all of the time...", but I honestly think that at LEAST PART of this issue will please everybody. At least I HOPE so! Well, I DID manage to ramble on!

I'd like to thank all of the contributors this issue for their fine pieces of work AND for their patience with my ever-present "tight" deadline. To help everybody concerned, you can find the deadline for ads & contributions just above this little editorial space. It's there as a service to not only those contributors who I've already mentioned contribs to (or ads for that matter) but also for any of you up-and-coming fan artists and writers who may want to try your hand at sending something in to TC. I think I mentioned somewhere else this issue that, although TC doesn't print EVERYTHING received, everything I get in the mail is carefully considered for possible publication. And PLEASE, if you're sending in a contrib which I haven't solicited, enclose a stamped SAE or at least sufficient return postage so that I can mail back your stuff in case of rejection. Also, enclose an SASE when inquiring about your sub or order as it'll speed up things on this end considerably. [I'm learning how to drive now and learning how to run the AB DICK Offset press down at Prince Printing - where TC is printed - at the same time, so my "free hours" are numbered. Incidentally, how do you like this issue's printing? If you have any complaints, send them to me. This time around I not only did the layouts, typing, photographing, stripping, and plate-making, but I also printed the whole book. Since I would like to become a better printer, those of you who might be experienced in this field could send any comments or whatever in to me to see exactly how well I did on my first "real" printing job.]

If you can't make out the illustrations screened over this page and the 2nd letters page --- the illustration on this page is by ED ROMERO. The illustration on the letters page is by MICKEY MASON. Do you like this type of thing?

Before I leave you to read what I honestly think is the finest issue yet, I'd like to mention something about the next issue. The Con Report will evidently be much better with the aid of TOM FAGAN, and NO SKETCHES will be printed. Only ILLUSTRATIONS by fandom's and prodom's finest will be printed. But, 'til then--- Peace. Bill G. Wilson

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THE PROS

2...IN A SERIES OF PROFESSIONAL
ARTIST AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

THIS ISSUE

Kenneth Smith



BIRTHDATE: 8 December 1943, making me 27 now.

BIRTHPLACE: Austin, Texas-----same place I was raised, educated (at least through the B.A.), and married.

HOBBIES: Depending on how you look at it, art is my hobby and teaching and writing philosophy is my profession; or, art is my profession, and...I guess the only thing I do that isn't necessarily related to this confusion of vocation and avocation, is that I collect old illustrated editions and records (folk rock, in the main). Also, I guess our 14-month-old son is something of an occupation in himself.

COMICS ILLUSTRATED: covers for CREEPY 35 & 36, and the CREEPY 1971 Annual and EERIE 1971 Annual, as well as a few Lancer paperbacks (Moorcock's CITY OF THE BEAST and Creasey's THE FAMINE) --a few more coming up for Warren and Ace paperbacks, and then I'll be retiring from this end of the business, doing nothing outside of my own zine and occasional appearances in a few other zines.

WHEN BEGAN AS AN ARTIST: Scrawling stuff since age 3 or 4, I was first published when I was doing historical portraits for Texas newspapers and texrbooks (early as 1958 or before). Then I did political cartoons in THE TEXAS

OBSERVER from 1962-63 and various other illustration-work, before my first fantasy work appeared in SQU TRONT 3, the summer of 1969.

WHAT DOING NOW: Completing my dissertation in philosophy and doing (rarely) covers and such on commission. Mostly I'm concentrating my efforts to push promotional posters and subs for my own zine, KENNETH SMITH'S PHANTASMAGORIA, a super-quality production which I hope to have published this fall, provided I get sufficient backing from fandom. Stories and art for the first two issues are finished, so now I'm working my way into #3 and #4. Probably I could make the thing a quarterly if it were up to me, but getting enough money and selling enough copies is something else again.

Kenneth Smith's *FANTASMA*

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DEATH: THY COLOR BE ORANGE

by **TOM FAGAN**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY --- MARTIN L. GREIM



PART ONE

Grange was his color, the unending skies his domain, and a white rose his death sign.

Only a trusted, chosen few knew his real name.

It mattered little, for by another name he was recognized the breadth of the war-ravaged continents of Europe and Asia.

His was a proud title! One spoken in almost worshipful respect by thousands of oppressed people to whom his orange aircraft was a symbol of hope and coming freedom. One spoken in tones of hate by the bestial spawn of Nazi and Rising Sun warlords who offered blood-tainted fortunes for the death of...

"THE FLYING DUTCHMAN!"

He fights "like it's his own private war!" it was said of this helmeted hero from Holland, who in truth was peace's modern knight in his own right. And in a sense it was a "private war" for the Dutchman had a score to settle---one of vengeance!

But here a pause. Yesterday's heroes, real-life or imaginary, are sadly enough too soon forgotten. New times and newer conflicts bring forth fresh champions and fresh er leaders to take the center of the stage. The old are gradually forgotten, their memory confined to yellowing pages and musty microfilm flies.

Then it is not with surprise that today's generations may never have heard of the fabled Flying Dutchman, for this time was World War II and more than two decades have since then slipped by into oblivion...Korea,Cuba,the Gaza Strip, Vietnam, and impending threat of civil strife in America itself. Presidents, commissars, and civil leaders dead since then; kings deposed; military governments overthrowing and in turn overthrown; men reaching for the galaxies, probing the secrets of the bottom of seas.Times everchanging; building on the past to make the future.

So to know the Flying Dutchman---silence the roar of discoteques; forget for the moment the scream of jet streams, the blast of the rocket and detections of nuclear weapons exploding in wastelands of Red China.

You are in another era---one equally as frightening. Submarines stand ready to blast passangership and warship alike out of seething, gray waters. V-2 missiles drone sluggishly through clouds to drop payloads of destruction. Propellor-driven aircraft carry ten-ton blockbusters to rend cities. The German military machine has marched across Europe. Only the British and Russia oppose them openly. Pearl Harbor--a day of infamy brought on by the Japanese. And now America is undeclaredly at war too, both with the Germans and the "Japs".

A world mobilizing. Defense plants humming night and day. Men marching. Scientists and engineers working to perfect more and more powerful weapons---one that will eventually end one war and throw a shadow of fear forever after. However, the day of Hiroshima is a long way off---the time is now, the start of the 1940's!

And not only is all this reality; it is also reflected in the story-book world of the comics. And here is to be found the Flying Dutchman, one of the most unforgettable characters to grace the pages of AIR FIGHTERS COMICS.

Air Fighters itself came on like a bombshell in the comic book world. First issue (Vol.1, No. 1) appeared in November of 1941 with such a dubious host of heroes that few readers recalled them by the time Volume 1, No. 2 appeared exactly one year later, dated November, 1942.

But no reader of 1942 will ever forget that issue. Introduced were a whole new host of characters to stagger the imagination and make patriotic hearts beat a little faster, as they read the exploits of original champions ever ready to challenge the foes of democracy and government of one's choosing.

There was the valiant Airboy and his miracle plane--the bat-winged Birdie; the lady of darkness, Black Angel; The Iron Ace and his wonderfully metalized Spitfire; Sky Wolf, daring leader of a squadron of four dedicated men;



and Bald Eagle, a pilot with the blood of American Indians in his veins.

And, of course, "The Flying Dutchman"!

No flowing cape or skintight fitting uniform was his. The Dutchman wore a blouse-jacket of light blue, with a large "V" chest emblem, orange in color. About his waist was a belt of leather crammed with cartridges ready for the two guns carried in holsters bound to hips. Trousers flaring at the top and disappearing into the confines of shiny leather boots at the calves. No mask hid the Dutchman's face. A brown leather helmet, chin strap unfastened and goggles set raffishly above the forehead, was his headgear.

A large panel showing the Dutchman so costumed, 1st introduced the new hero to readers. And the Dutchman stood ready with drawn and smoking guns, set against the background of a crashed and flaming enemy plane. Bob Fuje's artwork, though not masterful by any means, still appropriately set the scene. To quote the caption:

"An Ace of Holland, A country overrun by Nazi vultures---a Mysterious Terror to the Luftwaffe and the Gestapo---The FLYING DUTCHMAN hurls a daring challenge into the faces of his country's despoilers...and throw them into Panic with shuttering machine guns and SUDDEN DEATH!!"

The story opens with an American correspondent aboard a British ship cruising in the waters of the English Channel. Overhead a lone Airacobra P-39 battles three German Messerschmitts. Two of the planes crash into the channel; the other veers off seeking safety in flight, the pilot of the Airacobra allowing this so the opponent may "Tell his friends what happened to his flight."

Impressed at the aerial display of superb flying he has observed, the correspondent seeks information from the ship's captain and is told the flyer of the P-39 is the Flying Dutchman.

"Who's the Flying Dutchman?"

"Blyme if I know, sir! H'only our Winston (Churchill) and the Queen of the Netherlands know who 'E is..."

"All we know is, 'E lost his parents when the ruddy Nazis bombed his home in Rotterdam... 'E escaped... Yes 'E did---And 'E 's fighting the dang Jerries like it's his own Private War!"

The scene now shifts. In fog-shrouded London a "Dutch" naval officer walks up to a shadowy-faced figure who, for a moment, dispels the stygian gloom of the English "blackout" with the flare of a match.

"The color of this fire is quite ORANGE" says the officer stressing the secret code word of orange. It was a code word that would be used many times in future

Dutchman stories. Though the tales never explained the choice of the word or why orange was featured so prominently in the color of the Dutchman's plane and uniform insignia, it was evident the authors assumed their readers knew that the "House of Orange" figured prominently in Dutch history since it was from that "House" Dutch royalty stemmed from historically.

Keeping to the shadows of a cab the agent relates, "The Gestapo is shooting another batch of Patriots in Rotterdam tonight! One of them is Professor Vermeer, our best scientist. He's invented a new bomb which we must have at all costs!"

The assignment is clear. But it is with a start that the Flying Dutchman hears the name of one other prisoner slated for execution. "One is Helga Maanen;" the messenger continues, "our scourge Colonel Voss ordered the shooting!"

Flying Dutchman's thoughts are torn with emotion, but he displays no outward sign as he confides to the agent, "I need help," and whispers his plan for the coming night.

Returning to "His secret airport in the wild crags of Scotland," the Dutchman guns the Airacobra skyward. His thoughts crowd with painful memories.

"Voss murdered my parents and kid brother.....this makes the assignment a personal affair!"

"Helga was my fiancée...I wonder if she thinks I'm dead...Oh well, I'll have to forget that for the duration."

Dutchman puts his plan into being. It is a daring maneuver designed to lure Nazi pilots from "all over stricken Holland,"... "to stop the raid over Ghent." There is no raid at Ghent. Instead, the Dutchman has cunningly dropped lighted flares and parachutes with "hanging portable amplifiers (which) bare forth with the throbbing roar of hundreds of airplane motors.

The ruse works, and with the Nazi pilots distracted the Flying Dutchman goes on to "The real business in Rotterdam." The sight that greets him there is not pleasant.

Open graves await Dutch patriots who file toward them at bayonet point while a line of grinning Germans drum a death march. A firing squad stands at attention as the prisoners take their places alongside the open trench.

Cutting his engine, Flying Dutchman glides the Airacobra silently toward the churchyard as the Germans prepare to fire at their helpless victims.

"Hedgehopping over the wall, the Flying Dutchman throws his engine into a mighty roar, startling the Nazis."

"HIMMEL!!! The Flying Dutchman!!!"

As he machine-guns the surprised German lines, the Flying Dutchman snarls, "Here's vengeance with interest!" and at the same time bombs a side wall allowing the prisoners to dart out to the other side where underground workers are waiting to help them.

While the escape is taking place, Flying Dutchman downs two Messerschmitt ME 109's that appear in response to frantic German cries for help. As he continues battling the Germans, the Holland ace comments to himself, "When you tackle a Dutchman, you catch a tiger!" But his victory is far from near.

Co. Voss, "the arch-enemy of the Flying Dutchman", takes to the air in a Heinkel. Voss broadcasts his presence by "wireless" and the two opponents meet one another over the North Sea.

Collision seems inevitable as the two planes fly head-on at one another. As the Heinkel draws closer, the Dutchman views its coming with a grim, "We'll see who's got better nerves and a tougher heart!"

"That verdammte Flying Dutchman! He isn't human!" screams Voss as the Airacobra fails to give way. Yet the planes miss one another in a hair's breath and the guns of the Airacobra "pound the Heinkel fore and aft!"

"Remember Rotterdam, Voss?" cries the Dutchman. "I've been waiting two years to avenge our people!!" Voss screams of "Nein...Nein...Ahhh..." are lost in gurgles,

as his hand reaches up toward his mouth from which blood spews in torrents, all carefully detailed by the artist, to make certain the reader knows exactly what has happened.

"That's the end of Voss. But there are so many rats like him! No, my work isn't done until democracy is victorious!"

Executing a neat chandelle after seeing the escaped prisoners are now safely aboard a waiting British torpedo boat, Dutchman again points his plane toward Holland.

Soaring over Rotterdam, he opens his cockpit to scatter five white objects earthward. His action is made clear with his statement:

"Here are five roses...my people will know that I've shot down five Nazis today!"

As the story draws to a close, the Dutch refugees reach an English port. But Helga Maanen wonders:

"Can the Flying Dutchman be Jan? No, I'm sure he is dead!" Yet the thought persists and she inquires of the ship's commander, "Please Captain...Tell me...Do you know who the Flying Dutchman really is...His real name?"

"No," is the reply, "Only a few know! Like our Netherlands queen and a few high patriots...It's best that way!"

Closing on this point, the story carried a final admonition to the reader, namely: "And the next issue of AIR FIGHTERS COMICS will depict the Flying Dutchman in a new stab at Nazi brutality!!!"

With Voss chilled permanently, the way might have seemed open for Flying Dutchman to desert his solitary crag in Scotland to join the Allied ranks in civilian identity and still fight for the "cause" at the same time renewing his romance with Helga Maanen the way thousands of military men the world over were doing with their own lives and loved ones.

But such is not the way of comic book heroes deemed Hillman Periodicals, Inc., publishers of AIR FIGHTERS COMICS. Helga was not mentioned in the next issue, nor in issues to come. Flying Dutchman remained a "loner" with an Airacobra and action his way of existence.

A surprise raised eyebrows of readers of Vol. 1, No. 3, the December 1942 edition of AIR FIGHTERS COMICS. Suddenly, brooding Dutch patriots are standing silently by a crude burial box. Without reference to the story just past, and without wordy introduction, the patriots tersely comment, "The cowardly Nazi Von Richter must be happy at Flying Dutchman's death!"

Von Richter was not only cowardly; he was a human monster. Not only was he in the process of burying "Loyal Mayor Ransom ALIVE," he was, at the same time, setting an even more ghoulish and bloody scheme into play.

Bodies of dead allied soldiers were to be exchanged for German war dead; the purpose---burial in respective homelands. Von Richter's plan was this: substitution of dummy corpses with time bombs in the coffins. "And when they put them on their ships...BOOM!!!" gloated the demoniac colonel, making sure the reader knew exactly what was in his mind.

But beforehand, Von Richter demonstrates even more fully the sadistic side of his nature, ordering the Flying Dutchman's body be brought into the Nazi headquarters. It is a cruel scene that unfolds.

He is alone in a room with the burial box. And, throwing open the lid, the colonel begins pummeling the body. He snarls, "There you are; not so deadly now, are you? SLAPPING YOUR FACE IS EVEN MORE PLEASURE than killing you would be!"

"Gaaaaa! If you were only alive! I would love to pound you to death!" So saying, the colonel leaves, or prepares to do so, for without warning a hand reaches forth from the coffin and seizes him.

Flying Dutchman is not dead! In turn neither is he gentle with Von Richter for he proceeds to savagely beat the German colonel, and then plop his body unceremoniously into the coffin saying, "And if they bury you alive, it'll help even the score for poor Mayor Ronson and the others."

The score is not to be settled so soon. Von Richter revives in time to scream, "Find the DUTCH DOG!...I'll CRUSH HIM TO A PULP...I'LL...I'LL..."

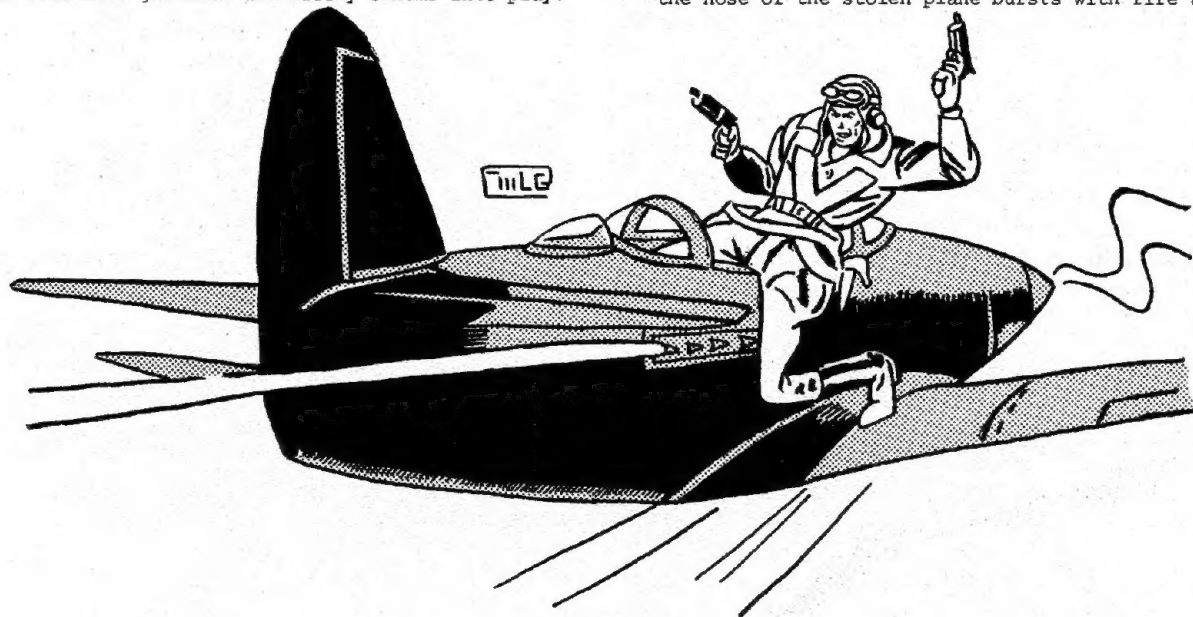
Von Richter will do as he promises, but he is taking no chances. Nazi treachery is again evident as the colonel tells his men to let Flying Dutchman escape by plane. "You other pilots keep your planes at least a quarter mile away where he won't see you...when he takes off, go up and cripple him...but let ME finish him off!"

As additional insurance, Von Richter's personal plane is wired so its motor will burst into flame in mid-flight. Unaware of all this, the Flying Dutchman is soon air-borne in the sabotaged aircraft, which has been left in easy access.

As the alerted Nazi pilots close in, Flying Dutchman pretends to lose control and the plane noses earthward. Von Richter dives for the "helpless" Dutchman. To his amazement, return gunfire is his greeting.

Now it is the Nazi colonel's turn to see earth rushing up meeting him. Even with the other German planes storming at him, the Flying Dutchman finds time to drop a white rose in the downed plane's wake. "I should drop scallions for Von Richter's finish!" is the grim thought.

A thought quickly dispelled, for, at that instant, the nose of the stolen plane bursts with fire and the



Dutchman crashes earthward. Neither pilot is killed for Von Richter's fall is cushioned by a haystack, and the Dutchman is hurled clear of his respective plane.

Once again, Von Richter believes the Dutchman is dead. Again he slaps the "corpse", ordering, "Take him to der dummy coffins we are preparing for der English!"

Flying Dutchman is far from the big sleep, however. He has overheard the despicable trickery planned, and a glance into other coffins reveals not Allied war dead, but dummies and bombs. No wonder Dutchman avows, "A new low for even the Nazis."

At a Portuguese port where the English ships await the sad transfer, coffins are piled in segregated rows, German on one side, Allied on the other. The Dutchman creeps forth and switches identifying labels.

Unknowingly, the Germans load the explosive-laden coffins aboard the Nazi craft. The result--the expected "BOOM!!!--but Germans suffering the unexpected consequences. Von Richter is beside himself with fury.

A Dutch undertaker appears requesting, "Can I take the Flying Dutchman's body back to be buried in Holland and his home soil!!" It is then the colonel realizes the reversal of his plans must be due without doubt to the doings of the Dutchman.

"But he's DEAD!!!" screams Von Richter throwing open the coffin lid and viewing the Dutchman therein. Frustrated to a point where he neither bothers to see if this is true, nor to even give the "corpse" a final cuffing, the colonel thunders in rage to the undertaker "Here TAKE HIM AWAY!!!"

Inside the coffin, listening to this evidence of Nazi stupidity, Flying Dutchman sums up the feelings of his readers, as with a wink and a grin he thinks to himself, "What a jerk!!!"

Here was comic book propaganda at work. German of-ficers were among the best trained; their war machine was the mightiest yet assembled. Stupid they were not, though the comic books of the 40's loved to portray them that way, and picture the Germans as stereotyped figures, swaggering bullies, monacled, and in many cases their Nordic faces scarred by a pencil thin knife cut, with crew cuts invariably under helmet or cap. Either that or picturing them as overweight, blundering goose-stepping dolts or wizened, scheming, puny men rubbing their hands with pleasure at any of a thousand evil suggestions.

American comics may have been at fault with presenting misleading pictures of a dangerous enemy. Hillman was not the only company to do this; all American publishers presented such images of the common enemy. Japanese were depicted with grinning, buck-toothed mouths and exaggerated slant-eyes masked by laughably large spectacles. Italians, when shown, (there were few Italian villains loose in the comic books of the day) were invariably subservient, crafty cowards; rarely shown venturing out for open fight.

It was propaganda done up in red, white, and blue four-color packages. Yet it served a purpose. A kid buying a defense stamp or war bond felt he was doing his part to put an end to the grins of the Jap and the boasts of the German.

Hadn't none other than Henry Morgenthau Jr., Secretary of the U.S. Treasury, said so in a special message to the "Boys and Girls of America" printed in the pages of Air Fighters?

Secretary Morgenthau's message in part read:

"If every one of you forty million boys and girls would buy at least one ten-cent saving stamp every week, you would be lending your Uncle Sam two hundred million dollars every year. Think of all the guns, planes, and ships he could buy with that! Remember, you can help to 'Keep 'em Flying' by buying a defense stamp every week. Sincerely, Henry Morgenthau, Jr."

To which Hillman appended, "This space is donated by the publisher of this magazine in the interest of national defense and VICTORY!"

It is easy to be critical years later looking back-

ward and saying sanctimoniously, comics were wrong in presenting one-sided pictures of nationalities.

Two wrongs do not make a right. But it must also be admitted it was the Japanese that bombed Pearl Harbor & whose acts of barbarism included tying living human beings on the ground to await death as planted shafts of bamboo grew unmercifully up through the very bodies of the victims.

It was the Germans who set off on world conquest. It was the Germans who ordered mass executions of patriots in captured countries when a German was killed by underground fighters. The ovens and horrors of Nazi concentration camps stand as an everlasting symbol of man's inhumanity to man.

As far-fetched as comic book stories might be in having heroes like the Flying Dutchman and Black Angel fighting and winning over impossible odds, the stories themselves, no matter how brutal their depiction of enemy atrocities, paled in comparison to the actual atrocities themselves.

The comics mirrored the pictures of the times--distorted to be sure, but truth showing through nonetheless. A good deal truer, for example, than the picture given of life in German concentration camps by a mid-1960's television program, "Hogan's Heroes," leading a viewer to believe German captors were funny little men full of fun and games who never really hurt anyone, but kept prisoners in barbed-wire, strawberries-and-cream enclosures to play at trick 'n treats forever.

All this notwithstanding, the Flying Dutchman continued flying through the violence-packed, non-censored pages of Air Fighters Comics. It was in Vol. 1, No. 4, January, 1943, Dutchman met up with "The Man with the Mechanical Face."

That there had been a meeting once before there was no doubt, for the villain openly states: "I'll never rest until I have my revenge...the FLYING DUTCHMAN shot me down...and left me with a burned face, so hideous that no man can look upon it!!!"

This was Major Hamm, whose head was swathed in a belted, gruesome covering similar in some respects to the modern-day "dust mask" used as a protective device in spraying orchards. A filtered mouthpiece allowed for breathing but there the similarity ended, for photo-electric eyes not only allowed Major Hamm to see through the mask, but to peer for great distances--in fact "across the North Sea" where British ships were riding at anchor at Harwich.

"We'll send Gestapo agents across as fake refugees when they're in Harwich they'll drop marked oil cans! When the cans break under water, they'll release chemicals which will rot away the ships' bottoms...they'll sink in mystery...smart, isn't it?"

Smart, indeed! Except the Dutchman interfered with the plan, as in his Airacobra he bombed and strafed the German ships carrying the "chemical cans", whose released acid ate away and sunk the enemy vessels instead.

Not only that, but he had captured Major Hamm and left orders "our best plastic surgeon" repair Hamm's features, after which he would settle things in a "sporting way" by meeting the major "in an aerial duel." All this had been done at "an underground depot" where the password was "The moon is quite ORANGE tonight!"

Hamm though was a bit less gallant. Allowing the surgery to be performed and the mask with photo-electric eyes to be replaced with simple bandages, he killed a Dutch guard and made his escape.

Yet Flying Dutchman sought him out, determined their "death date" be kept. Again the German officer displayed his treachery. Though he agreed to flying to a height of 15,000 feet and allowing a distance of one-mile between each plane before the flight commenced, Hamm turned his plane sooner, directing it at the Airacobra with a gloating, "Ha! Maybe this pig has never heard that war has NO rules!"

The Nazi missed; the Dutchman didn't, and bullets ripped into a bandaged face with the major screaming an agonizing "Gaaaaaaa...ohhhhhh..." Watching the other

plane spiraling earthward in a smoking death dive, Dutch-man philosophized:

"BULLETS won't stop to ask if you're playing by the RIGHT rules, Hamm...and all the other Nazi murderers will learn that lesson in time!"

To which an ending caption further enticed the reader:

"But IS the Flying Dutchman always so masterful.... will Fate trip him up like so many others?...Watch and see...in next month's issue of AIR FIGHTERS COMICS!"



INSPECTOR HARTLEIN

Inspector Hartlein was a mean man. He was very, very annoyed with the townspeople of Emmen. He had reason to be, for the Dutch patriots had shot him dead and he was about to pay them back for his inconvenience.

It was in the February 1943 edition of AIR FIGHTERS COMICS (Vol. 1, No. 5) that Inspector Hartlein "of the dreaded GESTAPO" figuratively crossed swords with one another. And all the while ("the space of one bullet-swept hour") the future of Emmen was a precarious one.

If the reader enjoyed villains on the macabre side, the Inspector was an ideal character. The splash panel showed his readied with a branding iron in the shape of a swastika. Actually the branding iron never figured in the story, but was artistic license on Bob Fuje's part and set the tone for the evil-and-beyond nature of Inspector Hartlein.

When the Flying Dutchman, disguised as an Axis agent, first meets Hartlein, even his stalwart spirit is somewhat shaken. His thought..."Ugh!...He's sitting in a COFFIN...And he looks like a GHOST!"

Hartlein outlines his plan of having a barge train of soldiers arriving by canal and "They will WIPE OUT this town of EMMEN--and AVENGE MY MURDER!" This surprising statement is made clearer as the inspector explains further how, while on an inspection tour of "our conquered Dutch towns" he had been ambushed by Dutch patriots who stopped his vehicle with a chain stretched across the road.

"I was SHOT DEAD...and my body was left hanging on the CHAIN...A storm came up...LIGHTNING struck the chain!...My body took the full charge...then..."

"I AM ALIVE!---BUT I HAVE LOST SOMETHING...I HATE ALL MEN AND EVERYTHING!! THAT'S IT!---I'VE LOST MY SOUL!"

Brought back from his reverie to the present, Hartlein declares, "So--that is why I am going to wipe out every person in this town..." Which he might well have done except that the Flying Dutchman cleverly blocked the channel route, set fire to oncoming barges, and, in his Airacobra--while circling over the flaming holo-

caust--commented:

"Hartlein's trapped down there--this time he'll die for GOOD!"

AIR FIGHTERS COMICS Vol. 2, No. 1 (October 1943) deserves a brief mention for the Flying Dutchman story--admittedly a dull one this time, featured another German villain. Never named in the story, the opponent this time was an ugly scarred Nazi who was blind. Serving as his "eyes" was a pet vulture called "Revenge" who accompanied his master usually riding on his shoulder. Flying Dutchman gunned both to death before the tale's conclusion.

Without "Code" restrictions a hero like Flying Dutchman had efficient and effective means of disposing of enemies. Comic book heroes of the late 50's and 60's are not so fortunate in this respect.

During the tale of the blind Nazi and his seeing-eye vulture, the Flying Dutchman traps two German soldiers at a plateau's edge. Begging for their lives, the Germans entreat:

"YIII! No! Don't make us jump! HIMMEL!"

To the accompaniment of a merry shove, Flying Dutchman agrees, "Okay! I won't make you jump! You can say you were pushed!" And over the cliff edge go the Germans.

Flying Dutchman was a hardheaded one, alright. Not only does he destroy the German stronghold at the end of the story but he has to comment as he wings off, "That rack of bombs should make it warm for those babies down there! I hate to think of a cold Nazi...unless he's DEAD!"

Germany had sent such inhuman foes against the Flying Dutchman such as the man with photo-electric eyes & the inspector without a soul. It remained for the Far East to spawn an even more bestial opponent.

From the land of Sumi-e, Origami and Ikebana, came he known as "The Salamander." Not only was Prince Tonoye royal in rank; he was also immortal. This nightmarish enemy slithered forth across the pages of AIR FIGHTER COMICS Vol. 1, No. 9, June 1943.

NEXT ISSUE...

Return to learn more about "The Salamander" and more of The Flying Dutchman's arch-foes as TOM FAGAN concludes his in-depth study of the adventures of one of the most interesting of the flying heroes of the GOLDEN AGE!!!!

"The Flying Dutchman", and all characters portrayed in this magazine (with the exception of HYPERMAN, who is an original creation) are the copyrighted property of their respective publishers:

THE COLLECTOR

BILL G. WILSON

-Editor-

1535 Oneida Drive

Clairton, Pennsylvania 15025

HYPERMAN

• WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BILL G. WILSON 1971 •



IT'S ALL
IN THE MIND!



THE MIND PLAYS TRICKS AT TIMES WHEN MEN ARE EXPERIENCING A STRONG EMOTION SUCH AS FEAR, GRIEF, OR PANIC. THIS MAKES US WONDER WHETHER OR NOT SOME OF OUR EXPERIENCES ARE FIGMENTS OF THE IMAGINATION. HYPERMAN SEEMS TOO POWERFUL, TOO INVULNERABLE TO BE REAL, YET HE IS! --- OR IS HE ???



by BILL G. WILSON & The Everett

A YOUNG MAN LIES STARING
AHEAD IN A HOSPITAL ROOM...



HOW DID I GET HERE?
I REMEMBER KARG
SHOOTING ME WITH
THAT STRANGE GUN--
FIRST I FIND MYSELF
IN THE FUTURE, NOW...



THIS! I'M SICK OF
ASKING MYSELF
THESE QUESTIONS
EVER SINCE THAT
LAB EXPLOSION,
I'VE BEEN
UNABLE TO
RELAX!

I'VE GOT TO GET
UP AND FIND
OUT WHAT'S
GOING ON!

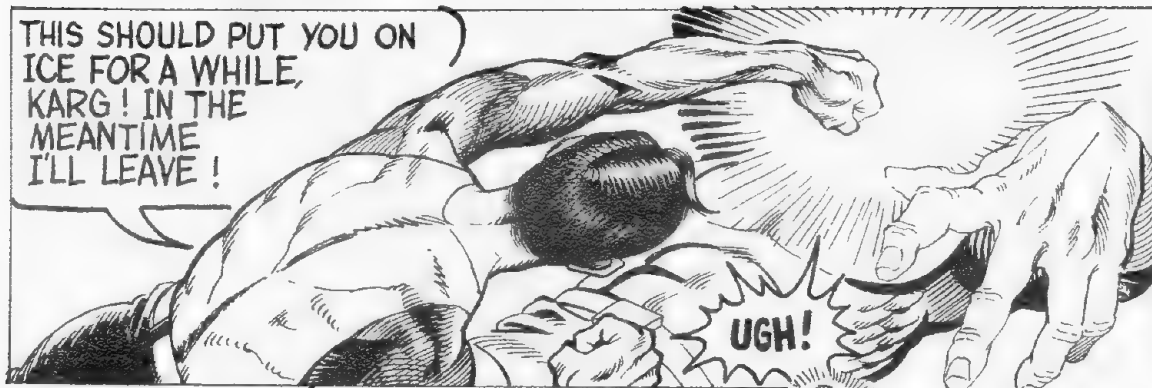


GOOD AFTER-
NOON MR. HARRIS.
I AM DR. KARGLON ARE
YOUR FANTASIES OF
HYPERMAN OVER? IF
NOT, I'LL HELP RID
THEM-M-M-M!

HOLD IT BUSTER--
KARG!!-YOU!?
I WANT OUT,
RIGHT NOW!

by BILL G.
WILSON &

10/10/10



THIS SHOULD PUT YOU ON ICE FOR A WHILE, KARG! IN THE MEANTIME I'LL LEAVE!

UGH!



MINUTES LATER...

WHAT?

GLAD TO SEE YOU AWAKE, MR. HARRIS, YOU KNOW THAT AS YOUR PSYCHIATRIST, I WILL HELP YOU OVERCOME YOUR FANTASIES!



I'M NOT CRAZY !!! I AM HYPERMAN!



YES SIR!

GUARDS! THE HYPNO-DRUG IS ONLY TAKING PARTIAL EFFECT! INTERCEPT H.M. BEFORE HE GETS AWAY!

IN HIS CONDITION HE COULD BE DANGEROUS!



NOW FOR KARG!

by BILL G. WILSON & R. Kline

NEXT:
THE MYSTERY IS FINALLY
CLEARED UP!!!





JOHNNY SOUZA

interviews . . .

originally scheduled for publication in YESTERYEAR #2 (defunct)



JOHNNY: Let's start the interview with this question. When did you become interested in fandom and fanzines?

JIM: Well, let's see...from 1962 through 1964, in my spare time, I was selling and attempting to sell single panel cartoons to various publications. Those who bought my cartoons were *PLAYBOY*, *HELP*, *ADAM*, *SIR KNIGHT*, & *FANTASTIC MONSTERS*. In the letters to the editor column of *FANTASTIC MONSTERS*, I found a note concerning the comic-art fanzine, *ALTER EGO* #5. This was Ronn Foss' first or second issue as editor. Ronn had taken over the magazine from Jerry Bails. Through the pages of *ALTER EGO* I learned of another zine and another and another. Soon I was a reader of *ALTER EGO*, *FANTASY COLLECTOR*, *FANTASY ILLUSTRATED* (now *GRAPHIC STORY MAGAZINE*), *ROCKET'S BLAST* and the *COMICCOLLECTOR* and the many fine Biljo White publications.

JOHNNY: Jim, you mentioned selling to professional magazines. Could you fill us in on the details, and why have you quite selling?

JIM: In these interview-type stories, the frequently omitted and to me the MOST INTERESTING FACTS are those concerning what the artist, writer, or cartoonist is PAID! So, here we go. *ADAM* and *SIR KNIGHT* paid \$15 a cartoon. *HELP* and *FANTASTIC MONSTERS* rates were \$5 a drawing. The ONLY ONE I managed to sell to *PLAYBOY* was the BIG ONE! \$90 was paid for it and it was printed in the April 1962 issue, see page 128. It was reprinted in the FIRST Pocketbook of *PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES* #75049, see page 22. To date (December 1970), there have been three or four different *PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES* Pocketbooks printed. My cartoon is in the one with the yellow cover. Every year I get a reprint royalty check...it's come to a total of over \$200. I WAS VERY LUCKY...eventually I sold almost 80% of the single panel cartoons I drew. But, ALL my spare time was spent drawing, redrawing, mailing and remailing them. When ALL the costs were figured.... drawing materials, mailing envelopes and postage... BOTH ways, the results were rather BAD! One year I made \$215...costs, \$200. The second year I broke even and the 3rd year I made \$20 after costs. So, I was making \$10 to \$20 a year. It just wasn't worth it. I'd rather, WHEN I CAN, just do something and GIVE it to a zine I LIKE.

JOHNNY: What was the first fanzine to fanzine to use your artwork?

JIM: Either Gordon Love's *RB/CC* or Bill Spicer's *FI*. It's been about ten years ago...I can't remember which was first. This I do remember...I was doing all of my panel cartoons in wash...black and white and shades of grey for the pro mags. I submitted some things to Ronn Foss. He couldn't use them in *ALTER EGO*. At that time, it was too expensive to reproduce halftone drawings in fanzines

Now most offset zines use halftone reproduction in just about every issue. Funny, I haven't done a wash drawing for any fanzine since that time Ronn couldn't use them.

JOHNNY: Do you come by your art talents naturally or did you take art courses?

JIM: NO Art Courses or Art Schools...wish I had...could not afford them. I've been trying to draw ever since I could hold a pencil. My "talents", such as they are, consist of technique and tenacity. Spending a little over 10 years as a paste-up artist and production man in two of the BEST art services in Los Angeles gave me the chance to see how and learn from the professional commercial artists. I acquired some of their techniques but NOT their SPEED. I'm really very SLOW!! I've got two drawing speeds...SLOW and SLOWER!

Tenacity: I'll do 3 to 6 pencils for every drawing and as many as 3 finishes before I come somewhere close to what I want. The final finish is NEVER QUITE the picture I had in my mind but it's the nearest I can come to the mental image-idea...it's the best I can do. ALL my stuff could be MUCH better. I console myself, as I look at one of my many imperfect pics, with the thought "Well, I've given it my best shot!" Always I feel if I could or would do a drawing just a few more times it might not look as bad as I feel it does.

JOHNNY: All artists have a favorite style they like to use. Is there any one artist that has inspired and influenced your style?

JIM: Yesterday and Today...I have so-o-o-o-o MANY favorites: Foster, Raymond, Caniff, Eisner, Crandall, Bob Kane in the late 30s and early 40s, Bob Wood, Biro, Bob Powell, Bill Everett, Kirby today and Simon & Kirby yesterday, Burne Hogarth, Klaus Nordling, Jack Cole, just about EVERYTHING Peter Arno ever drew, Frazetta, Johnny Craig, Wallace Wood, Russ Manning, Williamson, Gil Kane, Kubert, Adams and STERANKO. I admire them ALL. For different reasons, they are ALL my favorites! However, I lack the talent, ability or desire to emulate any one of them. I've studied and seen just about every comic book or strip published...who would you say influenced my "style"?

JOHNNY: Jim, I've seen quite a few styles in my day, and I must admit your style is strictly all your own. If there's any "swipe" in your style it is well hidden. And now, Jim, back to Fandom. There are so many fanzines on the market today, some are good and some are bad, what do you look for in a quality zine?

[the answer to this question & more is on the next pg.]



JIM: I've discovered fanzines in a number of ways: Friends and editors have recommended them, editors have mailed me copies and ads have sold me on subscribing to them. A quality zine contains the BEST fan and pro art plus interesting and well-written articles. Some articles are well-written and not very interesting while others are not written too well but are very interesting. The fan-writer who sticks with it, soon begins to produce the well-written AND interesting article. How many times have you read any article about an artist or character only to find those tiny, postage stamp size illustrations? As zine writers and editors are dealing with this visual, GRAPHIC medium, I sure wish MORE and BIGGER pics were used with articles. The largest flaw found in any article ever published in a zine is using SMALL illustrations with text. The QUALITY zines are almost always printed offset. ALMOST always... Biljo White and the Thompsons have done some wonderful things with their mimeo and spirit duplicators. If BRONZE SHADOWS was printed offset and THE PULP ERA had better offset, these two zines for pulp fans would be MUCH improved. It's really a shame to see the IMPACT of any zine lessened by poor or second-rate printing.

JOHNNY: Would you comment on "CRUD ZINES"?

JIM: Just about every zine, for its first few issues, contains elements of the CRUD ZINE. The CRUD ZINE never lasts. It improves and gets pretty good or folds. Some zines start out better and improve faster than others. YESTERYEAR #1 was as good as ALTER EGO #4. Both had flaws.. ALTER EGO got better and YESTERYEAR, with good screened

halftones, will improve. [Ed. Note: As previously stated, YESTERYEAR is no longer being published] Oh well, you win a few, you lose a few. IMPROVEMENT: There's only ONE WAY to do it and that's to DO IT! Yes, I know the best zines have struggled for years to gain their near-perfection but it sure is something to see, year after year, all the fans continually trying to produce something as good or better. Look at FANTASTIC FANZINE...in its 12th issue its just that...FANTASTIC!!! Trying is almost as good as producing the GREAT zine because those who continue to try WILL produce the better and one day, the GREAT zine!

JOHNNY: Have you ever thought of entering the comics field as a career?

JIM: YES, almost every day but I don't have the basic ability and/or talent and I'm just too damn SLOW!!! For a moment, I'll play the game of "Let's Pretend". If I could I'd like to be another Will Eisner, Hal Foster, Alex Raymond, Harvey Kurtzman or Russ Manning.

JOHNNY: I don't want to put you on the spot, but who do you think is the best all-around artist, prowise, in the industry? This includes the field of newspaper strips too.

JIM: Who can say WHO IS BEST? I'll ramble on about my preferences: Hal Foster's work is still very good but NOT as great as it was, say, 10 years ago. KIRBY and STE-RANKO are both a couple of the BEST. Neal Adams is an excellent artist, but I prefer BOLDER inks. The power of the inks doesn't match the KA-POW!!! of Adams' exciting pencils. He even inks his own pencils too lightly to suit my taste: Sinnott, Giacoia and Adkins have done fantastic inks on Kirby's pencils. As always, though, I like to see the guy that pushes the pencil slap on the ink! Sure, I know it's a factory production-line product and some or most of the artists can't or won't ink their own work. The BEST Kubert has been the art he inked personally. Kubert did beautiful work on the Green Berets. As for his comic book work...ALWAYS VERY GOOD but he did BETTER on the Berets as he must have had more time. If it wasn't necessary to produce all the pages and covers he turns out, Kubert could be a GIANT like Raymond and Foster were. We will never again see illustrators like these 2 not only was their work the GREATEST at the peak, they had a whole week just to do a Sunday page. Russ Manning, now that he's doing the daily and Sunday TARZAN strips, has the best chance of reaching the stature of a Foster or a Raymond. Those Manning Sunday Tab pages and the daily TARZAN are perfect!!! STERANKO's TALON, if produced with any regularity, in the proposed Life-size mag will be EVERY comic art collector's DREAM COME TRUE!!! STERANKO, in the last few years, has made the BIGGEST IMPRESSION on comic book fans since JACK KIRBY! STERANKO is the BEST since KIRBY! Every comic art fan should have or get a copy of STERANKO's HISTORY OF THE COMICS...the GREATEST!

JOHNNY: How does your wife feel about your hobby, and does she encourage you?

JIM: If my wife Lenore had remained single and didn't have to take care of our two sons she would have been a good, competent commercial artist. She's not really interested in comics or comic art but she likes my stuff & does encourage as much as she can. She's a rather impressionistic artist.

JOHNNY: Do you collect any favorite titles?

JIM: I'll buy any title, magazine or fanzine that contains art by any of my favorites.

JOHNNY: Would you say the comics of today out-rate the Golden Age Era in both art and story content?

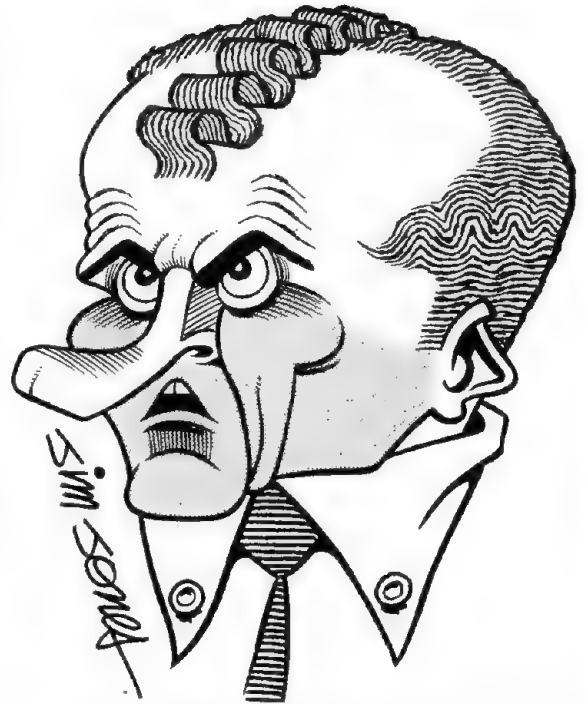
JIM: I don't think I've seen much that could out-rate the best of the old EC days. But, in general, not only comic book art strips and ALL commercial is better or MORE POLISHED than it was 20 or 30 years ago! It's better than it was even 5 years ago! More improvement has been made in the art than in the story content.

JOHNNY SOUZA INTERVIEWS JIM JONES. CONTINUED

A lot of writers fall into this trap: The writer feels, to prove he IS a REAL WRITER, he must write and write and OVERwrites. Some stories are putting 10 pounds of potatoes into a 5 pound bag. .. just too wordy! It seems if most writers had their way, they would crowd the art right off the page. Writers and editors who CAN'T DRAW have always seemed to resent the artist. Writers and editors have had TOO MUCH CONTROL over the finished pages. TOO MANY of these guys lack even a basic knowledge of art and graphic reproduction. The good editor, the one that's REALLY sure of his abilities, doesn't have to OVERdirect. It's the same with the good writer...no need to OVERwrite. Many writers can't stand any changes in their deathless prose. It seems to be OK if the writer or editor suggests changes but if the artist does he's called a prima donna. The only changes, additions or deletions made in a strip-writer's work, by anyone, should be made to enhance the pictorial aspects of the strip. A good artist has saved many a bad story but I can't ever remember even a great story making something good out of a comic strip burdened with BAD ART. Interesting to note, most of those who defend writers and editors in general fall into two categories: The second or third rate artist or the guy who CAN'T DRAW AT ALL. Both have only one hope to get into this business and that is to be an editor or writer. They are also the ones who say ANY and ALL authority, right or wrong, IS RIGHT! You'll find every field filled with these "successful"guys.

JOHNNY: What advice do you have for up-coming and would - be artists?

JIM: Anyone that wants to draw should get their hands on EVERY type of drawing paper, pen and brush. Experiment with them ALL!!! When you have discovered what works best for you...USE it 'til you find something better...if you keep looking and trying, you will. Just about everyday, some NEW art-aid comes along. Some like illustration board to draw on, while most prefer Strathmore, kid finish, 2, 3, or 4 ply weight paper. I like to draw on cheap type-writer paper...I'll do both pencils and inks on this inexpensive paper. When I finally get the finish ink I like, it's rubber cemented onto a piece of printer's White Tag stock. A couple of thin (the rubber cement is thinned down to where it's a little thicker than water, sort of like a thin pancake syrup) coats of this rubber cement are applied to the back of the finish AND onto the white tag. BOTH are allowed to dry COMPLETELY. Then they are pressed together. This is called dry mounting. White Tag stock is a light weight cradboard, about 40% of the thickness of the card-board that comes in a new dress shirt when it's bought or as it comes back from the cleaners. My shading pens are: Hunt #107 and #108...Esterbrook Bank and Sketching pen points. The pens I use MOST are the \$1 Shaffer cartridge pens with the medium point. For general work, the medium points are filed on a fine sharpening stone to make the point draw a broader line. For fine or small work, I'll use the medium point as is. I empty the cartridge of the original blue ink and refill the cartridge over and over again with Pelikan Fount India. This is NOT a true India ink; Pelikan Fount is water soluble and will work in ANY fountain pen. I feel my best inks are done with a #1 Series 3A Winsor & Newton brush. To me, brush work looks the most pleasing but it's the HARDEST for me to do. Any brush is SO HARD to handle and control!!! If you want to draw, try ANYTHING and EVERYTHING that will help you...Art Schools or Art Courses...STUDY the many good "how-to-draw" books available...Use what you can from these and draw, draw DRAW! OF SPECIAL help to the would-be Super Hero artist are the Burne Hogarth books, especially "DYNAMIC ANATOMY". And be sure to study ANY comic book illustrated by KIRBY or STERANKO. In the beginning COPY the BEST comic strip illustrators. STUDY their work. Try to learn the HOW and WHY of what they did...and then, YOU do it in your own way. To draw anything you MUST learn anatomy and perspective. One learned, utilize these basics but BEND and DISTORT these facts to suit your various art problems and your particular style of drawing. Now NO ONE can actually tell or teach you how to draw. Drawing IS art-editing. When you've drawn something badly or not the way you want it you must look at it objectively, find the flaws and redraw it 'til it looks right or is correct. A teacher CAN point these flaws and help you correct them 'til you are able to see and correct yourself. When drawing or writing...when the sketch or draft is done...put it away for an hour or a day...then look at it again. The things you thought were pretty bad sometimes improve and first unobserved flaws appear. REDO the thing and MAKE IT RIGHT!



The problem we all have is the RUSHED pencil. If EVERYTHING is in the pencil you'll have far less trouble with the ink. WE ALL RUSH THE PENCIL, just to get to do the finish. TIGHT, TIGHT-ER PENCILS! I'm saying this to myself as much as I'm saying it to you!

JOHNNY: Jim, you've done panel cartoons for the pro mags and super heroes and other characters from the comics for fanzines - are there any other things you've done or would like to do?

JIM: Yes, I've attempted political commentary for the so-called underground newspapers. My stuff didn't sell and wasn't used. My art and comments were unacceptable because they weren't professional enough or perhaps they contained too much acid or venom. I've disliked political opportunism in BOTH those I've thought the world of and in fourth-rate political hacks. I've loathed Tricky Dickie since he first ran for Congress here in California and was EXTREMELY DISAPPOINTED with Bobby for entering the Presidential race AFTER Gene had paved the way. Drawing caricatures is the toughest for me to do. Bob-by was drawn on Strathmore charcoal paper and drawn on the WRONG side of the paper...its ROUGHER than the "A" or watermarked side you can read. ALL of my cartoons done for pro-mags were done on this Strathmore paper. Tricky Dickie was drawn on the old standby...the CHEAP white type-writer paper.

JOHNNY: In general, what do you think of fandom today, with all of its upcoming artists and fanzines?

JIM: Today Fandom is BIGGER and BETTER than ever! About 8 years ago, when I started reading the zines, there were only about 3 good ones. Now you can find around a dozen VERY GOOD ones and 3 to 4 GREAT zines! Naturally today there are MORE talented editors, writers and artists in fandom. I notice the artists FIRST. LOOK at all the great guys being printed: William Black, Dave Cockrum, John Fantucchio, Don Newton, Kenneth Smith, Robert Kline, Juanillo, Dave Russell, and Berni Wrightson. Berni's work reproduces better

in zines...the fine lines become too fuzzy and small in the reduction for the comic books. And let's face it, some fanzines ARE printed better than most comic books! I feel one of the LARGEST aids in making fandom GROW, was and is Gordon Love and his zines. The biggest push has come from his adzine, ROCKET'S BLAST & THE COMICCOLLECTOR. If it had not been for Love's RB*CC, I'd never have known of the many fine zines that were being published. Through the pages of RB*CC more and more fans become aware of each other and the many, MANY zines available to fandom. The only gripe I've read about G.B. Love is a statement something like this: "Gee, he charges a lot for his zines!" NOT true. Love makes a rather small profit after advertising and printing costs. If he didn't make an operating profit his zines would have FOLDEN YEARS AGO! The average fan editor is engaged in vanity printing. He loses money on EVERY issue but prints for as long as he can just to publish. After an issue or so, maybe as many as four issues, he CAN'T take any more of this financial strain---this is the reason most zines FOLD! Good ol' G.B. makes a couple of bucks and has been around every 2 months, 6 to 8 weeks or once a month with his zine for around 8 years!!! He deserves every penny he makes. In the pages of RB*CC we fans find out a great deal of WHAT'S NEW and WHAT'S happening in fandom! Take a copy of RB*CC to a printer & get a cost estimate. Then do the pasteups of all those pages and have your zine printed. You will find the estimate and the actual printing costs are sometimes miles apart! Printing costs a bundle and a hundred or so pages takes a while to paste up. Figure your time, advertising costs, envelopes, postage and the ACTUAL printing costs. Now YOU'VE FOUND G.B. ISN'T GETTING RICH!!! My BIG gripe with G.B. is that I'd rather have had him use my material more often in RB*CC. He has this annoying habit of saving my stuff for his other zine, THE GOLDEN AGE. Oh well, he IS the editor.

JOHNNY: What do you think of the ridiculous prices charged for Golden Age comic books?

JIM: Well, if fans didn't or wouldn't pay the HIGH PRICES asked for old comic books prices would be a little lower, but NOT MUCH! Sorry to say it's the old story of supply & demand...just like stamp or coin collecting. The fewer copies, the condition and the age of the item plus the DEMAND all increase the asking price!!! I can't afford to be a REAL COLLECTOR, a collector of first and early edi-

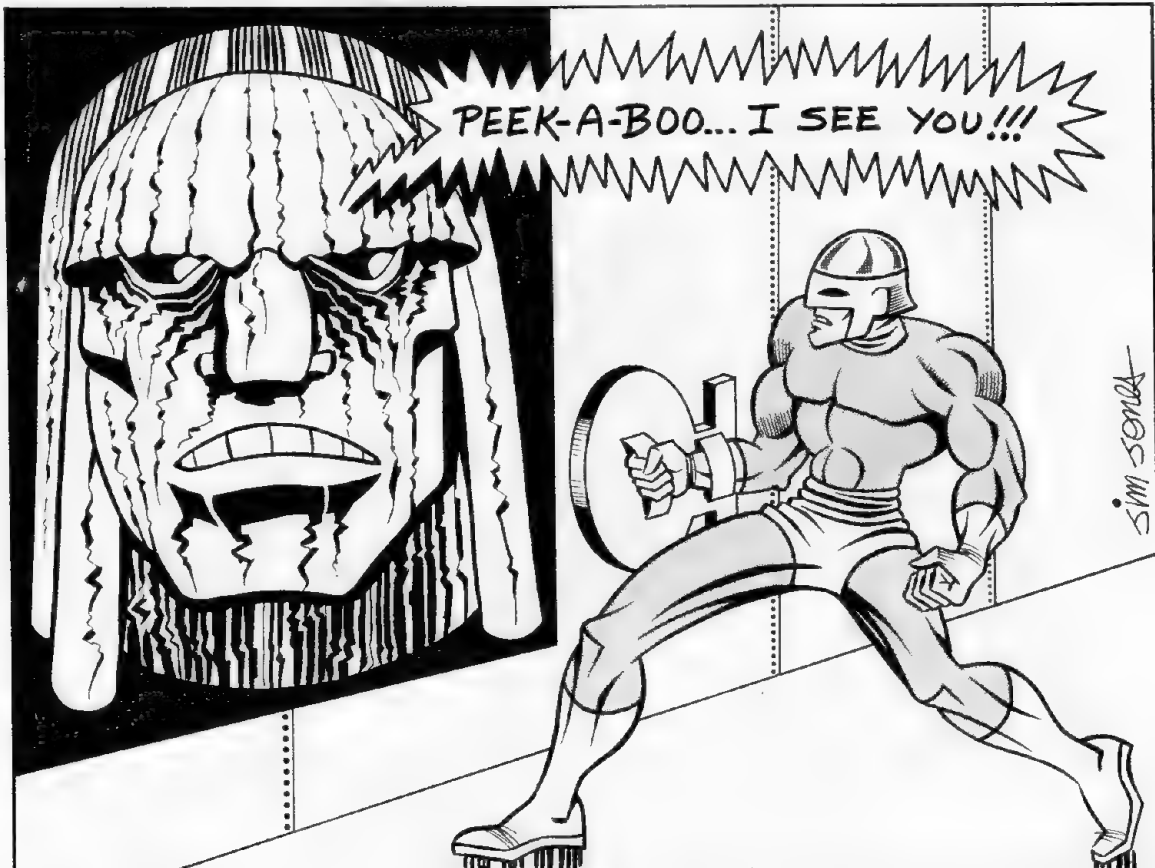
tions. So I try to buy the items I want BEFORE they become collectors items. Some fans and I have swapped things I've wanted for my illustrations and I bought all of the wonderful reprinted material, in hard and soft cover, that have been made available in the last few years.

JOHNNY: Jim, how about giving us a mini-autobiography?

JIM: Born March 22, 1928 in Dayton, Ohio. Married 13 yrs. My wife and I have two sons. Doug is 11 and Charlie is 9 years old. I spent over 10 years as a production, paste-up artist with two of the BEST art services in Los Angeles. Art services provide minor and major advertising agencies with layouts, hand-lettering, photo retouching, photography, finished art and pasteups for anything from a 1 column by 1 inch ad to a billboard. 6 months as an assistant chef. 13 months as a litho (offset) stripper and cameraman for a weekly offset newspaper. 5 years or so as a radio announcer for small-town stations. I was a competent announcer but not good enough for the BIG TIME metropolitan radio stations. Now I'm a room service waiter for a large country club and spa. I've been here over a year. The average announcer makes around \$2.50 an hour...about \$100 a week in a small-town station. As a room service waiter I make almost double the salary I received at the last radio station and I eat at a country club.

JOHNNY: One last question. Do you have any gripes about fanzines?

JIM: YES, a couple. It takes a bit of time and effort to do a contribution...99% are given freely to zines. ALL of my contributions are mailed with a big SASE for their return if they can't be used. Now a number of fanzine editors have had things of mine in their files and their mags fold. I CAN'T GET MY STUFF BACK! I've written as many as 6 letters to editors asking them to return my contributions in the SASE I provided! NOT ONE ANSWER! I've spent as long as a year and a half trying to get material returned. Many things were NEVER returned. And then there are the editors whose zine folds and he gives...GIVES my material away to a friend who might use it in his new proposed zine. DOESN'T EVEN ASK ME...just gives away material HE DOESN'T OWN. I'm GIVING AWAY my contributions FOR FREE. I'd like to see them appear in the zine of MY preference. Other than that everything is SWELL with fanzines! I'm very happy that this interview will be printed in THE COLLECTOR...it's one of my FAVORITE ZINES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!





DAN ADKINS

BESIDES COMICS... *by* DAN ADKINS

I was never too fond of drawing comics. Oh, I always loved to look at them, and I still do. There are some great things being done in comics by Neal Adams, Joe Kubert, Jack Kirby, and others. But, comics aren't my bag, except for inking. Give me some artist like Adams or Buscema to ink and I'm fond of comics for a while; but only for a while.

There are other things I want to do. The main thing is learning how to paint. I never could find any extra time when free-lancing for comics. Now I've taken a steady job, which gives me the evenings free and the weekends.. to more or less find myself as far as art.

The steady job is pretty far removed from action heroes and all that stuff I was used to. I'm into drawing illustrations for plates, mug, and the like. That sounds worse than it really is. It's still drawing and it's new. Bill is printing some of these drawings here in a portfolio to give you an idea of what it's all about.

And you can find my latest painting, or one of them, on the current issue of FANTASTIC (June, 1971).

I'm also into producing a 200 page book of illustrations and comic stories to be published in November. I'm doing the comics my way and don't mind it so much given total freedom.

As well as drawings from my steady job, Bill is publishing a couple other drawings here of the type I've been

doing for fans. I've been doing these to relax a bit and you are welcomed to order a drawing if you would like. You can tell which is which!!!

You may request a supe-hero of your choice, or a western drawing, or war, or science fiction or whatever. They are \$10.00 each, done 10"x15" or larger. You may have them in color; colored pencils or magic markers over black ink; or just black and white for reproduction. It'll be 30 days or so before I get to your request, due to the usual backlog of things I'm working on most likely, so don't expect a reply the first week.

You may also order in advance for my forthcoming book, but remember it won't be out 'til November! It sells for \$10.00 and will have Jim Steranko, Steve Fabian and a few others in it, as well as myself. I've been working on it for over a year and it's about the best I can do until I learn more. You'll be seeing full page ads on the project soon.

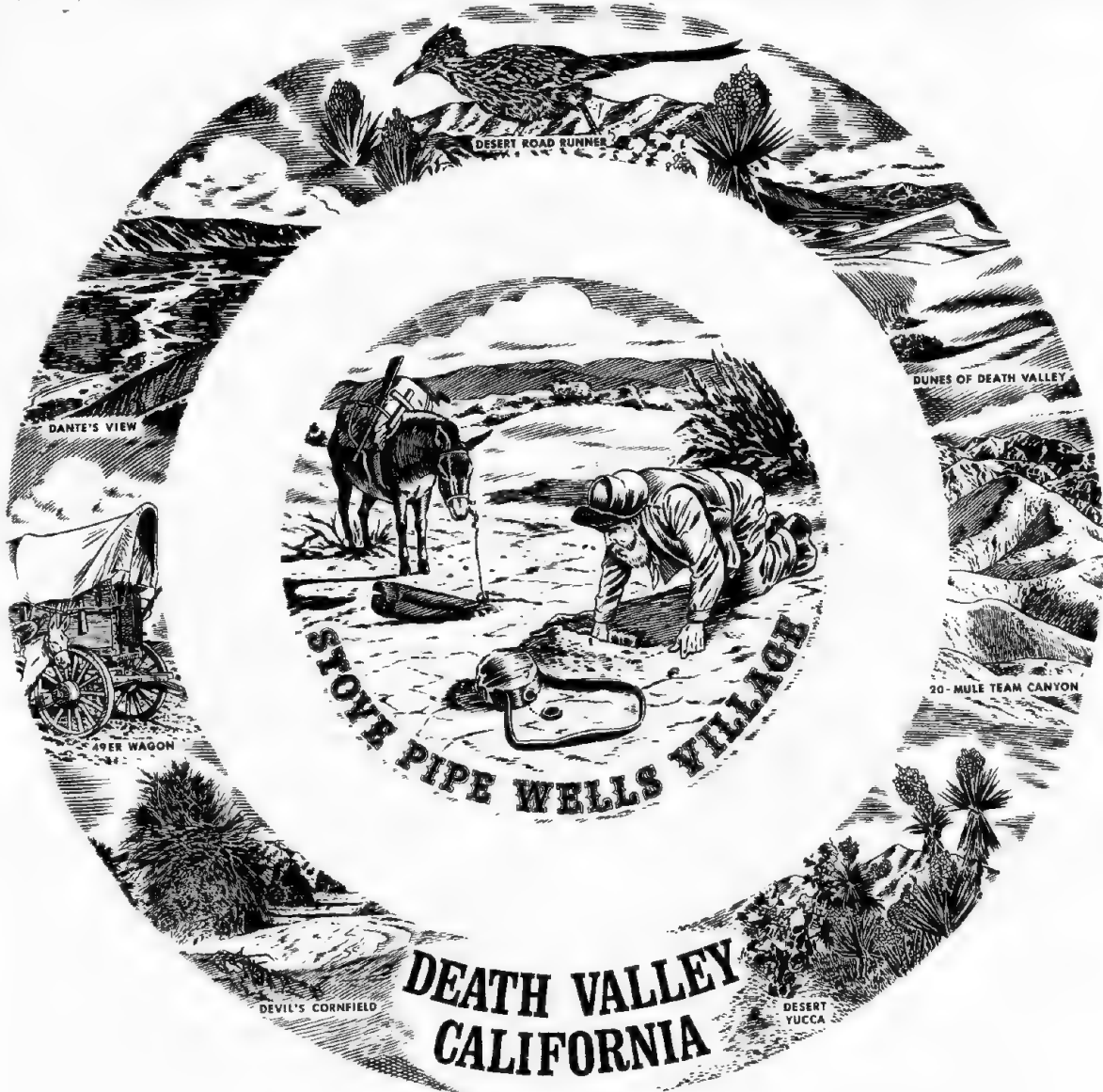
Meanwhile, what do you think of the drawings outside of the comics?

DAN L. ADKINS

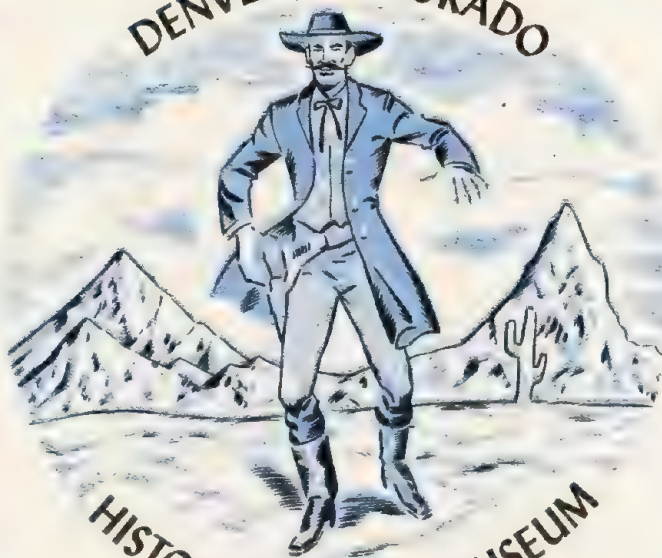
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MARK TWAIN



LATE NEWS

FANCAL HAS FINALLY MADE IT...but now it's FANCAL 1972 with KENNETH SMITH on design and, of course, BYRON PREISS as the producer. The calendar is made up of about 5 11"x17" sheets with cardboard backing. It consists of, besides calendar dates by Kenneth, illustrations by RICH BUCKLER, GRAY MORROW, CARMINE INFANTINO, JOHN ROMITA, SAL AMENDOLA, MURPHY ANDERSON, and JOE KUBERT. It's available for \$2.50 + .25 postage from: Byron Preiss / 1304 Glenwood Rd. / Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230

If any of you readers got the first issue of ASTRO ADVERTISER, I hope you noticed I made a mistake in my ad on the back cover. Instead of May, I said that the next issue would be out in August. At the time I made up the ad, I was already working on this issue, so I was thinking one issue ahead of that. By the way, support the ASTRO ADVERTISER. For details, write: ASTRO ADVERTISER 908 Lasswade Drive / Tallahassee, Florida / 32303

The "other mag" mentioned in this issue's NEWSFLASHES may be a portfolio-type thing; high-priced, but good. It'll have work by Fantucchio, Newton, Adkins, Potter, and possibly a JEFF JONES CHECKLIST by Mark Burbey and an article on TED WHITE by Bill Cantej which were squeezed out this issue. It may be about 12-16 pgs. for 50¢ or so. DON'T ORDER IT YET. IF it comes out, you'll be notified.

After talking to JOE SINNOTT on the phone for about an hour the night, I found out a few new things which you may not be familiar with. 1) Marvel is going to the larger book size soon. 2) You can join ACBA, and receive the newsletters, etc. for (I THINK) for \$5. The address was given in one of the last Marvel issues, but if you don't have it, I'll send it along.

I'd like to have a capable fan writer take over the scripting of the HYPERMAN strip after the next installment is completed and printed. Anyone interested? It could easily be handled in a similar way as the comic book stories are, with different writers occasionally. Anyone interested?



PART ONE

The horse-drawn cart clattered down the cobblestone street once more. It was a cage on wheels, holding within its bars nobles and merchants, aristocratic women, and royal gentry. A wild, screaming mob had flooded the square. Peasants, drunks, beggars, fat housewives, and skinny, wide-eyed children formed the boisterous multitude. They swarmed around the cart, grabbing the prisoners and hauling them up to a high platform. Clothes were torn from them and distributed among the crowd. Some of the ragged and bleeding prisoners screamed and protested, while others offered bribes.

A tall, muscular man dressed in black tights with a black hood concealing his features stood beside the guillotine, the blade stained with fresh red blood.

Every time the blade plummeted downwards, the crowd yelled, and, on certain occasions, burst out laughing. The corpses were thrown into another cart and carried off. Everywhere, torches flickered and burned, the blood glistening by the torch light.

One man, Pierre deLoup, watched all this horror from his hiding place. He wore tattered rags, and his face was smeared with soot. No one noticed the small fringe of lace protruding from his torn and jagged sleeve. Fear had gained control of his soul, and, if it were possible, his heart would have leaped out of his chest. He was afraid; afraid of the brown stained blade which had cut short the lives of his friends. Among other things, Pierre deLoup was an aristocrat.

An aristocrat; a deadly enemy of the peasants, the common people, & the beggars. To be an aristocrat meant to be doomed---forever haunted by the descending blade shimmering in the spectral moonlight. His head quivered at the thought.

Slowly he drifted away from the spot; that hideous spectacle of blood; until he ran down the mud-covered cobblestones of Paris. The scratch sounds of his footsteps echoed in the narrow alleyways, frightening the fat, ravenous rats who fled into cracks and corners. Now and then he would look behind, his face dripping with cold sweat and, with renewed energy, dash into the silent darkness. At length he stopped.

A small, musty, age-worn shop stood before him, the narrow windows covered by a thick film of dust. He dashed to the door and pounded with fast rhythmic knocks. Occasionally he would turn to look up and down the dark, filthy street. Fear was etched deep into the lines of his face.

"Stop that pounding, fool! I am not deaf."

"Please, please, open the door. It is I, deLoup."

"I know who you are," rasped the voice.

The door was opened inwards, and a cloaked figure pulled deLoup inside. A small waxen candle in his hand shed light upon the stranger's face. He was old; lines carved deep into his withered features, and a

The Second Candle, by Ralph Alfonso



DOUG POTTER

small uncared-for white beard adorned his chin.

"The bag of gold, deLoup."

DeLoup reached into the inner depths of his rags and pulled out a brown, heavy sack. The old figure swiftly snatched the sack from deLoup's perspiring hands. He loosened the string and let the coins pour out onto the damp floor.

"Why...?"

"Silence, deLoup! Now to proceed with my part of the bargain."

He led deLoup into an adjoining room. In the middle of the room a giant leaping flame flickered and danced in a large bowl.

"That is the Flame of Life."

He turned and pointed towards two candles set up on a small oval table. The first candle was slowly burning out and would soon diminish into a small slag of wax. The second candle was unlit.

"The candle whose flame is dying is you. It represents your present life. As long as the flame burns you live; once it is dead, you die. The other candle is your new life. The life you will live in the future."

The first candle had gone out.

DeLoup was in a state of dizziness. Everything whirled around him at a fantastic rate. Colors of every hue blended into one revolving disc. He saw visions of himself oozing out of the center of the disc. He saw himself making a pact with Oknar, the druid. He remembered the terms of the pact. He, deLoup, was to be sent to a future era where he would be

free from the bloodthirsty commoners and the guillotine. He saw the second candle lit.

PART TWO

DeLoup awoke. It was early morning and the rays of the morning sun forced his eyelids to flutter and open. Gay, happy birds frolicked in the leafy trees above him. The grass at his feet was glistening with new-fallen dew. Sun-reflecting beauty surrounded deLoup on all sides.

He looked about him, puzzled at the strange new sights. His clothes different and the surroundings were curious. He gazed into a pond and was startled by what he saw. His face was changed.

He stood up and examined the locale. He had been sitting on a bench in a small wooded area closed in by a huge and fantastic city.

"Walk along, you filthy bum. Probably slept on that bench after a hangover. Let's go; move along."

A man garbed in a blue uniform uttered strange words to the confused deLoup.

"Quoi? Parlez-vu Francais?"

"Hey, you bums getting classy now? In French even. Beat it, wise guy."

The dazed and frightened deLoup, prodded by the man's small club, walked in the direction of a huge building whose ground floor seemed to be encompassed by glass walls. When he reached the building, he stopped momentarily to marvel at its construction. Suddenly he heard a shout; he looked up.

There was a swift flash through the air.

"Nasty business. Even if it was an accident it sure is an ugly one."

"I just don't know how it happened. I was on the top floor of the grocery store--that's where we keep our meat--chopping up some ribs, when I threw my arm back for the swing. Suddenly the butcher knife flies out of my hand like magic and goes out the open window."

"To fall and hit this poor guy in such a way it struck him full force on the back of his neck...grue some."

"Hacked his head off..."

END



MARK AMMERMAN
Seelyville Route
Honesdale, Pa. 18431

...Now, as to The Collector #22 (and I thoroughly enjoyed 20 and 21 too). The Adkins cover is nice, but when the mag is closed and you look only at the front cover, it is not very

interesting. In other words, it would have been better had Dan done the faces on the right. Joe Sinnott's man was terrific, but I didn't care for Beck's. THE PROS was NOT very interesting because it held little interest. It was merely an outline-type of thing...too small. It had no "personality" which seems to make any biography or profile interesting. Con reports are just that...con reports. They were of little interest, but the Phoenix Con Report WAS a twist, and the caricatures were VERY interesting. Olsen's art was only good here, but his centerspread was very well done. Newton and Richardson--great of course. The conversation 'tween Miller and Adkins was humorous at places, but it made me begin to dislike Dan Adkins for some reason. By the reading I would gather that Miller is fantastic, but his illo was only good. The face was NOT good, but the rest was well put together. Was that illo of any special character? Jim Jones...always interesting. Khulan.. VERY good. Don made very good use of zip-a-tone. He must have studied Gray Morrow for some time. I spotted a few Morrow and Gil Kane swipes, but they helped the strip tremendously. Don draws a mean horse. Hmmm.. a Kaluta influence on the 3rd page of the strip? Oh yes...the story by Rich Fay is of overpar quality: excellent ending! Rosa and Fay make a good team. Hanley's piece is typical Hanley...GREAT in a semi-crude way. Hanley never went in for elaborate inking or zip-a-tone. He's a "rough" inker---I like it. Emberlin's artwork is OK, but not good enough for TC...I think.

Many thanks for the comments, Mark. It's INTERESTING to read such an INTERESTING letter about such an INTERESTING issue!! No sarcasm intended there, Mark. I hope you'll see that THE PROS just won't be an outline-type thing. I'd like to know your views on Kenneth Smith's autobiog. No, Bruce's illustration wasn't of any particular character, at least to MY knowledge. ...and Don Rosa tells me that he doesn't even LIKE Kaluta, so the influence you mentioned might be Don's.

LETTERS!

ED KING
Radio Announcer
KDKA Radio
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Enjoyed Collector #22 as one of your finest. I think the reviews of the comic-cons are very good as you give the faults with the virtues. Would it be of help to include a classified ad column for swap and sales? Would it do any good to list "going prices" for comic books? Or an interview with one of the collectors (as opposed to the artists)? And we shouldn't overlook Ken Overgaard whose work on the Mary Worth strip forces readership despite story content. Congrats on the panel position and looking forward to another glowing report in future issues. And thanks for sharing the latest issue with us.

Thanks for the comments, Ed. Thanks also for the suggestions about a possible classified ad section and "going prices" list. Well, classified ads would be out-of-place and a waste of space in an offset magazine, and "going prices" vary considerably in relation to the dealer



1535 Oneida Drive * Clairton, Pa. 15025 * USA

ALAN LIGHT
Editor: THE BUYER'S GUIDE
R.R. #1*Box 297
E. Moline, Illinois 61244

Thanks very MUCH for TC 22,
by the way. It was the la-
test (astute observation on
your part--!) and was the
best. Perhaps for the front

cover, you could have had the printer [Ed. note: I make the plates for TC, Al, and also the photography. In fact I hope to be printing the book myself soon, since I'm learning about the presses now at Prince Printing, where I work after school and in the summer.] flop the negative over on the plate, which would have REVERSED the whole illustration, making the back cover the FRONT. Then you could have added or cut (stripped?) in the title. It would have made a fantastic front cover, if Dan wouldn't have minded! As it was, it was pretty good (I wondered what it was a picture of at first, but it sure made you flip to the back quick!). And everything else was great too. You're getting to be some magazine publisher -- one question: Can you get much better? You'll end up with another SQUA TRONT or SPA FON if you do!

Thanks for your comments, Al. Well, about the cover: when I got the cover in the mail I kinda wondered what I could do with it so the front would be more interesting. I DID think of flipping the negative over when I made the plate, but this would've meant cutting out & stripping up BOTH the title AND Dan's name. So I decided to just sit back and see what readers would say. And every one at least had something to say about the cover. Some praised it, some denounced it, others thought it was "interesting". So, it looks like another TC "experiment" worked out OK! And...well.... I don't know about TC becoming another SQUA TRONT or SPA FON, but I'll try!!! ----- Bill

MARTIN L. GREIM
Editor: THE COMIC CRUSADER
P.O. Box 132
Dedham, Mass. 02026

My comments on your #22
are as follows: When you
look at the overall Dan
Adkins cover -- FANTASTIC!
However -- as a cover -- no

way! You close the cover and all you get is a trident, a shield, and a cape and arm! It would have made a beautiful centerpiece, but not a cover. Poor planning, Bill. [Ed. Note: check my explanation above, Marty.] Don Rosa's strip was interesting, but I liked his Pias-tic Man in #21 far better. The con reports -- well, I'll pass on those. Now the Dan Adkins conversation with Bruce Miller. One of the best fantasy pieces of the year and a credit to your zine! I loved it! I can't say enough about it. That piece was a masterpiece. Well written, fun to read; hit home on points that should have been hit on long ago. I roared through the whole thing. If fandom gave an award for this type of thing Adkins would win it hands down! Damn you Adkins -- why couldn't you have sent that to me! As for issue #22s art---Adkins and Sinnott and Richardson were tops. Joe's art especially turned me on. Oh ho! I almost forgot Don Newton's full pager. You just can't beat that guy. "snap" I just broke another pencil wishing I could draw something like that. Nice looking girl too -- hmmm! Don, you've got a vivid imagination there! Oh yes! You seem to be getting better written material, Bill. In the past, that's been the problem with TC. It said nothing. With pieces like the Adkins gem and The Flying Dutchman by Tom Fagan, your zine is well worth reading. Best on future issues.

The first issue of "The Buyer's Guide" is already out, with a FANTASTIC cover by John G. Fantucchio. The 2nd issue will probably also be out by the time this issue of TC is out. / As for Martin Greim's fine COMIC CRUSADER, consult the ad on the Newsflashes sheet this ish.

JOE SINNOTT
Comic book inker/artist

"Excellent cover by Adkins on your #22. Too bad the Beck feature wasn't longer-- it would have proved very interesting."

As you can see by this issue's feature on Ken Smith this issue, you can see that "The Pros" will improve as it goes along. Incidentally, readers...Joe has agreed to do an autobiography and self-portrait for TC for a future installment of "The Pros". I'm also trying to get ahold of some more comic book greats. I might even be able to twist Dan Adkins' arm!!!

GARY GROTH
Editor: FANTASTIC FANZINE
Chairman: 1971 Metro Con
7263 Evanston Road
Springfield, Va. 22150

TC #22 was a fine issue. The higher price for more pages makes for a better 'zine. The cover was a beautiful piece of work by Dan. I'd think the logo could've been statted down a little before printing so it wouldn't have blended into Subby's trident, though. And the inside front cover is one of Joe Sinnott's finest fan works I've seen! The 3rd page's layout was haphazard, and the autobiog by Beck was shallow and incomplete. If you're going to start a series of autobiographies, get a good job with complete autobiogs (they should be about a page long); the self portrait was nice. My con report -- thanks for printing it. I hope your readers both enjoyed it and gave some thought to attending this year's Metro Con. It was a rush job, Bill, but I hope it went over well. You just hafta do something about the letter col! It almost looked as though you threw in some letters in the corner of page 5 to fill up an empty spot. Give the letter col at least one full page; preferably 2 or 3. TC comes out pretty regularly, which makes it ideal to have a good lettercol. The Phoenix Con report was nice, and Don Newton's lead-in drawing was exceptional! One of Don's finest fan illustrations! Just beautiful. And the drawing by John Richardson on page 10 was tremendous! Beautiful fine line drawing techniques. The conversation was great. Very entertaining and different than most other zine interviews, which is a novelty today. And there was nothing to worry about in there; you seemed a bit too concerned about the language. Don't be! It was fine. The S&S strip was very well done and artist Rosa deserves a real pat on the back for doing such an excellent job. I thought that there was a little too much dialogue in a few places, but it was a forceful strip. 'Jim Jones' work is always good to see, and his two Frankensteins this ish were no exception. This issue of TC is your best effort yet, and it'll be hard to surpass it in TC#23. You had a great variety of material in this issue, which made it the most enjoyable issue of TC so far. I hope you can do as good a job in issue #23!

Glad you liked #22, Gary. Well, this issue I think you'll see an improvement in "The Pros" with Ken Smith's feature in this issue. As far as the conversation goes, I wasn't worried about the language, but I DID wonder how the readers would react to it. Well, they liked it! And, I think you'll see I surpassed #22!!!

Alan Light and Martin Greim are the editors of two of the finest publications around. "The Buyer's Guide" is a FREE adzine, 11x17" in a newspaper format. It is RECOMMENDED!!

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How about a Costume Party? We've got one at HOUSTONCON, and first prize is an original painting by DON NEWTON!!! So don the costume of your favorite hero and make your way to HOUSTONCON '71.

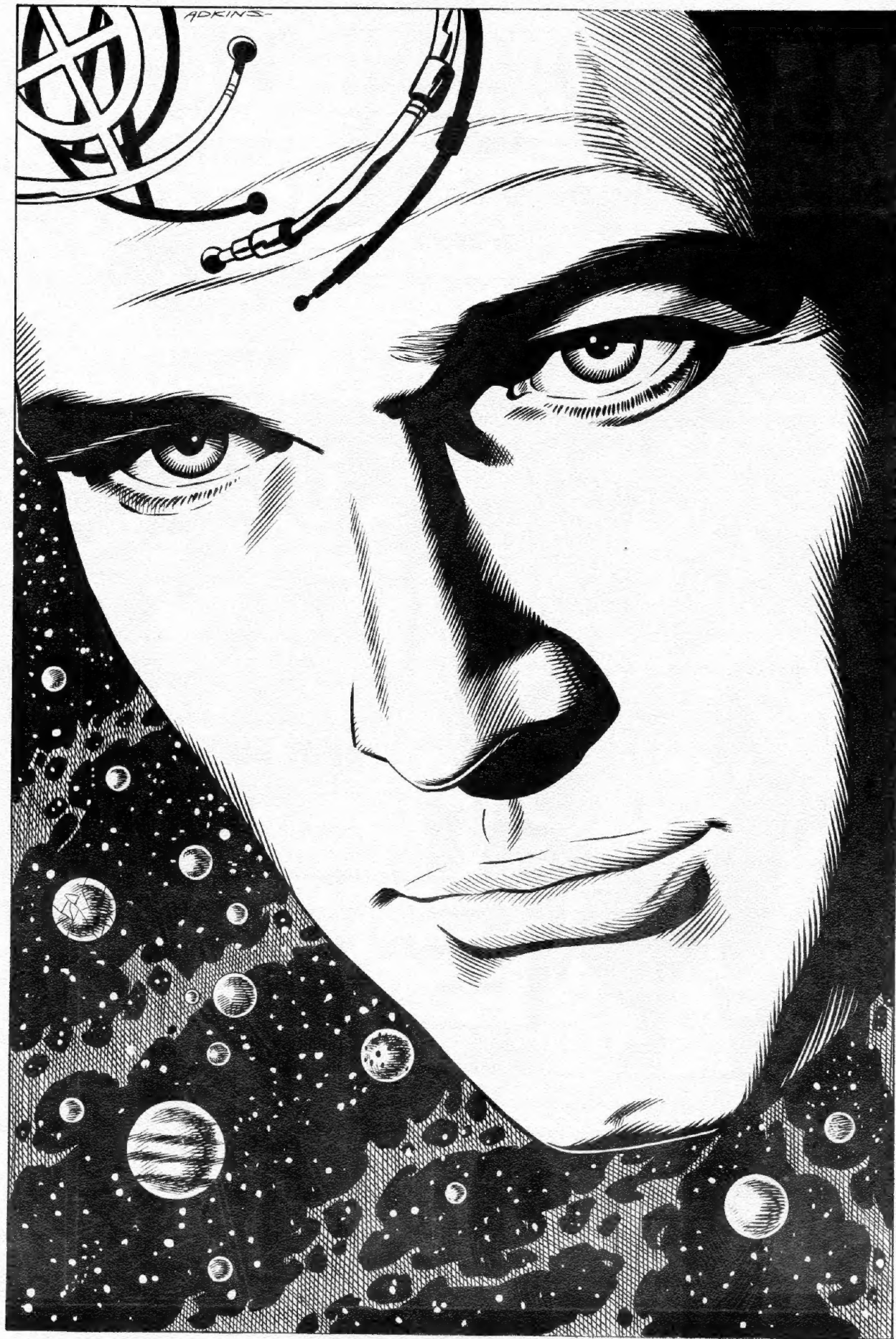
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TICKETS ARE ONLY \$4.00, and DEALER'S TABLES ARE ONLY \$6.00. SUPPORTING MEMBERSHIPS: \$1.50. HOUSTONCON will be held at the Continental Houston Motor Inn, 101 Main Street, right in the ol' heart of big H. Room rates are \$12.00 for singles, and \$16.00 for doubles. DON'T MISS THIS... THE SUPERCON of 1971!



NEWSFLASHES!

THE COLLECTOR NO. 23

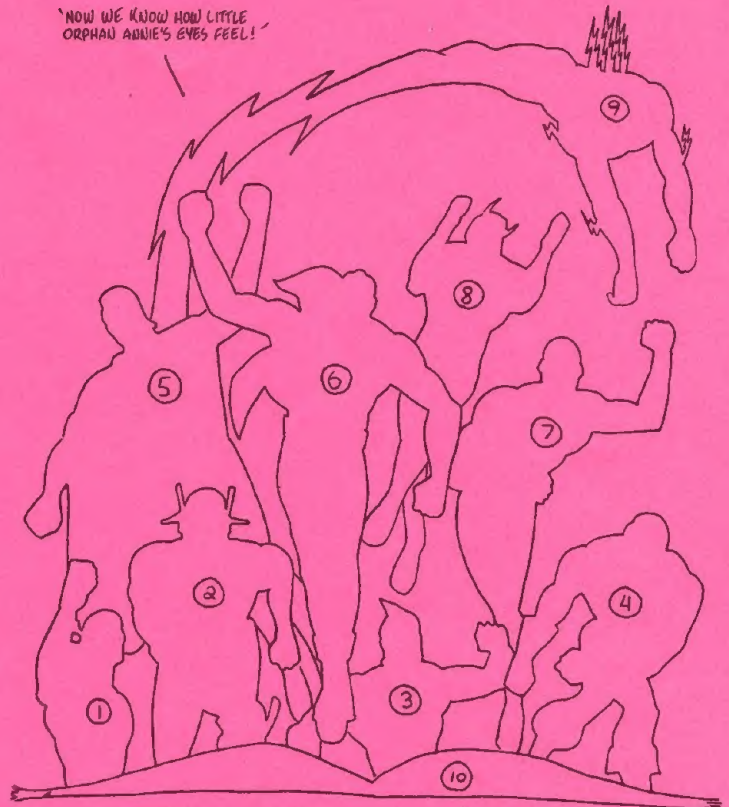


DON'T THROW THIS SHEET AWAY! IT'S A VERY IMPORTANT & INTEGRAL PART OF THIS ISSUE!

COLLECTOR PUBLICATIONS may be bringing out another mag, a one-shot, sometime within the next couple months. I may print some and take them to the NY Con. If the mag goes over well there, additional copies may be printed & sold by mail. Watch our ads. (The 'zine will be about 75% art, with a top-quality article or two thrown in.)



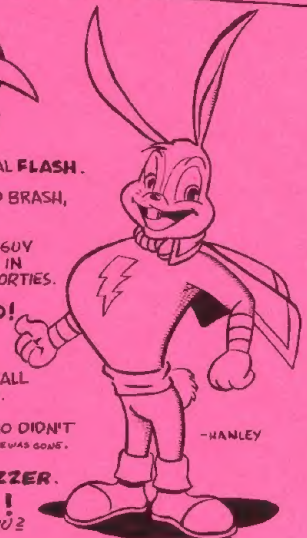
'NOW WE KNOW HOW LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE'S EYES FEEL!'



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- ④ THE DYNAMIC DYNAMITE- DYNAMO!
- ⑤ BLUE BOLT - A BOMB.
- ⑥ CAPTAIN MARVEL - INCLUDE ALL THE OTHER MARVELS WITH HIM.
- ⑦ LIGHTNING - A SPEEDSTER WHO DIDN'T STICK AROUND TOO LONG BEFORE HE WAS GONE.
- ⑧ I THINK HIS NAME IS THE WHIZZER.
- ⑨ THE ONE'N' ONLY THUNDERBOLT! SAY, YOU DID GET ALL THAT, DIDN'T YOU?
- ⑩ DID I FORGET ANYONE?



key to characters on pg. 2

NOTICE: You readers in Canada, Mexico, and overseas CAN have a subscription to TC, but it can't extend for more than two issues, and will still cost you @50¢. We can't offer a special subscription rate to you, much as we'd like to.

NOTICE: PLEASE PRINT when ordering TC, or AT LEAST write LEGIBLY. AND...specify exactly how many and which issue of TC wanted.

NOTICE: CONTRIBUTIONS are appreciated, but NOT solicited unless I contact YOU. PLEASE enclose sufficient return postage in case your art, article, or whatever is rejected.

THE COLLECTOR suggests:

THE 1971 HOUSTONCON. For details, consult the full page advertisement inside this issue.

THE 1971 NEW YORK CON, to be held over the 4th of July weekend. For details consult PHIL SEULING/2883 West 12 Street/Brooklyn, New York 11224.

KENNETH SMITH's PHANTASMA-GORIA (see #23); COMIC CRUSADER (see other side) ALL SUPERGRAPHICS publications (see last issue); THE BUYER'S GUIDE (see the letters page for TBG AND FANTASTIC FANZINE)

Your comments on this issue of THE COLLECTOR, as well as any comments you might have dealing with any of the many facets of fandom OR comicdom are greatly appreciated. Also if you have any worthwhile news about comics, or fanzines, or cons, or anything else, send it!!!

THE NEXT ISSUE will be out sometime in August, with a report on the NY Con by TOM FAGAN and ye ed, the 2nd part of Tom's fine Flying Dutchman article, and more top-quality layout, articles, and art by our staff.

